Modern Life

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

What the Two Royal Weddings Mean to the Trade of London.

Who now says "There's nothing in Royalty!" The marriage of King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria, and the forthcoming wedding of Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife, will result in no less than £500,000 being spent—most of which would have otherwise remained idle at the bankers. A thousand industries are set going in one way or another by these two events alone, and, in any case, a lot of German and Portuguese money will be spent in these islands during the next few years. The London tradesmen are rejoicing mightily, for the English wedding will result in quite a substantial autumn season, and already there are hundreds of important people in town who would otherwise be at the German baths or on the moors. Dukes may be seen lounging in the Piccadilly clubs, or taking the sun on the Park side—His Grace of Rutland every morning!—while the *premières* at the theatres are honoured with audiences which make it appear that we are back in June.

This is good all round for London, and is extremely rare, and as the whole of the Royal honeymoon is to be passed in the United Kingdom, followed by an early return to town about the end of November, the West End folk will have good cause to bless the names of the happy couple. Already several of the clubs are having to get their annual cleanings over half-finished, owing to the number of men in town, which, after the collapse of the summer season, is a welcome sign, and all due to the Connaught wedding. After all, there's no place like London, and people are glad of an excuse to escape from the boredom of country house parties back to the glare of Piccadilly Circus and the "Lights o' London!"

* * *

"On the Plage!"

Young Lord Carbery continues to make social history. He has only been married a few weeks, but he has gone off to Trouville "on his own," and is enjoying himself immensely. He had a narrow escape of making his bride a widow while motoring the other day, and his good father-in-law, Dr. Sandford, has given up troubling about him.

The company at the Roches Noires is this year peculiarly delightful, and the English flappers are about the chic-est imaginable. It was Lord Carbery's misfortune to have been left an orphan as a child, with a doting mother and no brothers or sisters. So it is not to be wondered at that there's no holding his Lordship now that he has cut the apron-strings, and is now "his own master" and well into his twenty-second year! His Lordship's marriage to Miss Metcalfe took place secretly at St. James's, Paddington, five weeks ago.

* * *

The Sporting Duchess from Clumber.

Another of Society's irrepressibles is Her Grace of Newcastle, who has been "going it" lately, although she ought by rights to be in retirement for the late Dowager Duchess who died but a few months ago. The Duke, of course, never heard of just now, for he was sincerely attached to his mother, and her passing has left him really sad. There never was anything in common between "Sugar" Candy's lively daughter and our smallest Duke, and what they ever saw in each other no one has ever been able to tell. They live together all right though, and the Duke rather enjoys his wife's gallivantings, though there is no reason why he shouldn't, for the Newcastle "strawberry leaves" have been "in the shadows" since the famous old Duke who ciceroned King Edward through the States fifty years ago died. The Duke of to-day hates the limelight, and as his good wife loves it, she keeps the title to the fore, which is as well, for even Dukes cannot stand being under a cloud, and "out in the cold." Somebody has got to keep the coronet to the front, and no woman in England can do that better than Her Grace Duchess Kathleen, who is Irish, buxom, and full of ginger. She is a great sportswoman, a champion dog-breeder, and as lively as a cricket.

* * *

The Duchess at Doncaster.

Her Grace was in great form on three days of the Doncaster meeting, and her reserved table in the Ladies' Stand was beautifully decorated. Her Grace's "mourning" was the admiration of all beholders. On the Friday she wore a coat and skirt of fine black cloth, with a deep white collar falling half-way to the waist, and a smart black hat with a jaunty feather. The day before, Her Grace wore a charming hat of black, surrounded by a panache of white ostrich feathers. The Newcastle party motored over from Clumber, the Duke's seat in neighbouring Notts. Both the Duke and Duchess love Clumber, and London has for them no joys to compare with it. So they have given up their town house long ago, and while the Duchess hunts five days a week, and breeds Borzois on the other two (not to speak of the famous Clumber spaniels), the Duke pursues his quiet studies with the Rontgen rays in his laboratory, and takes photographs of everything that interests him.

* * *

Lame Duke who Helps Lame Dogs over Stiles.

His Grace is a trifle lame, so his bent for natural science and ecclesiasticism is perhaps a fortunate one. His one-time used to cycling, but since he had that nasty jar at Datchet something over a decade ago, His Grace has preferred terra firma, with a good, thick stick. The Duke banged into a dog-cart, and came as near being epitaphed as any man living. Whenever His Grace and the Duchess indulge in the delights of a "tiff" he 'phones for a cabin on the next boat to America, and is lost to view for weeks together, generally turning up somewhere in the Adirondacks, or Chicago, just when the family are getting anxious about him. But he is a good little chap, and has done many a man a good turn and blushed to find it fame.

* * *

Why the Duke Loathes Lloyd George.

The Duke of Newcastle owns between thirty and forty thousand acres in Notts, comprising estates which were terribly burdened by the extravagances of the sixth Duke, who died when he was not much over forty. The present Duke came into the title when a boy, and this fortunate circumstance stood him in good stead later on, for during his minority the estates were skilfully managed, so that, if not wealthy, the Duke is now comfortably off. He is very spiteful with Mr. Lloyd George, notwithstanding. For many years the Duke only paid £355 a year to the Government on his assessment; now he pays a sum represented by four figures! Clumber, of course, is one of the ornaments of the Dukeries.

Close by are Worksop Manor, which formerly belonged to the Dukes of Norfolk; Welbeck Abbey, the princely home of the Dukes of Portland; and Thoresby House, the seat of Earl Manvers, to whom it came on the extinction of the Dukedom of Kingston. It is a region full of beauty and historic interest, standing within the area that of old was Sherwood Forest, the traditional retreat of Robin Hood. The year that saw the accession of his present Grace saw Clumber almost completely destroyed by fire; last year the whole of the south wing of Clumber was gutted! The Duke wasn't there to see it (which was perhaps a good thing!), but brother Portland scurried over from Welbeck, and helped to carry the priceless pictures out of the library. Dukes always stand by each other!

* * *

Mr. Cyril Maude and His Knighthood.

"Sir Cyril Maude" is a potentiality of the future. I hear that the clever actor's trip to Balmoral was Queen Mary's idea. King George prefers Arthur Bourchier, but Arth-

likely to be seen at Balmoral. However, Mr. Maude's ers will be hurt when they learn that their hero is to be "dubbed" for another five years. Nor, in fact, any other actor, though one or two playwrights are ected to appear in the New Year's Honours List. The about Mr. Maude's deferred knighthood is not a per- one. It happened when Mr. Forbes-Robertson's name laced before His Majesty for knighthood.

* * *

List of Actor-Knights Temporarily Closed.

e King enquired how many actors had been knighted. eir names being given by Lord Knollys, His Majesty d with the suggestion that Mr. Forbes-Robertson's nent could not owed to pass un- d by the Sove- but that his be the last ical name to in the "dub- for several So "Sir Cyril is something we must wait It will be the valued when it We have al- mentioned in columns the of certain rich en to whom ajesty has abso- refused to add We won't hurt elings further, y have never to deny our ts — million- ough they be! our statement ng George had ned to create earldoms has been falsified. have been nor will be, for Prime and Lords ors—when the annot help him- strong is pre- in this respect.

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Presents uneral (Je nse pas!)

dering the rush ing them to- the daily are wonderfully m a make up" but sometimes a funny conca- of slips. The g. *Standard*, nce, came out curious an- ent a few days

cess Henry of g was represented by Lord Tennyson at the of Mr. Michael Maybrick (Stephen Adams) which ce at Ryde on Saturday.

wedding presents have already been received, some beautiful pearls from Queen Alexandra, a of fine pictures, rare old china, and a quantity of furniture."

way,' one doesn't hear much of Lord Tennyson Since he gave up governing "down under" he content to watch his sons "arrive" from a safe in the Garden Isle, where, however, he counts though he lives mostly in Surrey. As a South figure-head Lord Tennyson was a decided success, they sent him out again to boss the new Common- when that unlucky young Lord Hopetoun jibbed at he was expected to throw away. Lord Hopetoun job; came home; was made "Marquis of Lin- and died; and Lord Tennyson returned to the Southern Cross in his place. But though Lord Linlithgow found it impossible to do the thing decently on ten thousand pounds a year, Lord Tennyson did it all right—and saved money!

* * *

Swankpots of the Southern Cross.

The Australians are frightful snobs sometimes! They imagine they are destitute of "side," and all that sort of thing; but really they reek of snobbery. One day they will howl at the idea of having a British Lord as a "boss"; the next they are howling because he doesn't swank more than all the other Governors and Viceroys in the Empire. But when it comes to putting up public buildings Australian vanity is pitiable to behold. I remember the erection of the Victorian Government House. The architect was a Mr. Wardell, and he asked the then Minister of Public Works what size it was intended that the ballroom should be. The Minister asked the architect what were the sizes of the big ballrooms in England, and Mr. Wardell replied that he only knew of the ballroom in Buckingham Palace. "Well," replied the Minister, "make it one-third larger than that!" And it was done.

"Dick and I have been engaged for two months and nobody suspected it!"

"Well, everybody thought from his looks that he had had a stroke of bad luck."

SOCIETY QUERIES.

Whether Sir Sigismund Neumann is not the first Jew of title who has been invited to Balmoral since "Dizzy" was there forty odd years ago?

And whether Sir Sigismund would have been invited if it had not been for the assistance of the Mackenzies of Glenmuik.

And whether this nice act of Sir Victor Mackenzie's will be adequately rewarded—in "Thank You's," of course!

And whether the Jew baronet of 1912 will get a Peerage in due course?

And how much the Mackenzies could do for Sir Sigismund in *that* way?

Who the Rajah was who was expected to become the purchaser of the stolen necklace? And if its worth was £117,000, how came its "selling price" to be (vide Mr. Max Mayer) £135,000?

Whether Fred Emney will give the "whisperings" from "A Sister to Assist Her" when he appears before the King and Queen at the Coliseum? And whether George Robey on the same occasion will also tell Their Majesties why he caught that cold? And whether the other eminent "artistes" who will also appear will not find it pretty hard to be up to their old mark when their intended funniosities have been toned to the Royal ear?

What Lord de Freyne's relations think of the nasty things some of the Irish dailies said about him in their obituary notices? And whether when his Lordship has recovered (as we hope he will), he will take action against some of the journals which castigated him when they thought he was dead. (N.B.—Libel actions cannot be brought on behalf of dead men!)

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Coal and Arithmetic.

Coal consumers—which means to say practically everybody who inhabits this country of bleak and chilly winters—have lately received the customary notice of the usual winter advance in the price of coal. The coal trade is one of those things that "no fellah can understand." Prices keep going up and up—and nobody gets the benefit of it. Within the last six years, we believe, the average price of coal to the consumer has risen quite six shillings. Yet the colliery owners declare that the profits are declining, the colliers are still threatening strikes because their weekly wage has not increased in spite of Government interference, and the merchants will take their dying oath that *they* are not collaring all or any of the extra profit that must be knocking about loose somewhere or other. The only thing that *is* certain is that the public continues to pay 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. more for its coal than was necessary a few years ago. The whole business is so peculiar that we really think the British Association ought to have had a debate upon it at their annual conference. It really does look as if there is a screw loose somewhere with the ordinary laws of arithmetic, which we are accustomed to consider as unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians.

* * *

Franchise Anomalies.

The annual demonstration of the utter absurdity of the franchise system of this country is just concluding amid the customary derision of the newspapers and of all men who have an iota of common-sense. Of course everybody knows that the great object of the franchise laws is to keep people off the voters' roll. That object is aided and abetted by the agents of the respective parties, with a host of revising barristers, each with different ideas on the subject, as the presiding geniuses whose duty is to keep the ring and see that no unoffending citizen gets his name on the roll who could by any ingenious quirk or quibble possibly be kept off it. Could anything be more absurd than the case of the Chelsea man who lost his vote because he had removed from one flat to another in the same building? And still ano barrister has earned fame, and the gratitude of bro barristers who hope for fees in the appeal case which doubtless follow, by decreeing that a man is entitled lodger vote even if he has never used the lodgings for w the claim is made, beyond payment of the rent, that say. We foresee a fine crop of plural voters in the future, if this decision is not upset, as it probably will be

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The Crime of Voting.

The fact is that the English franchise "system" itself to the manipulation of tricksters, and is a perfect bear to the plain, straightforward man. We hea *nauseam* of woman's right to the vote, but very lit ever said of man's right to vote, even though he occasionally be forced by circumstances to change his of abode—to say nothing of the diverse other reason depriving him of his rights. It is futile to declaim the dignity of the suffrage, and the duty of every citizen to go to the polling booth, if every man whose na omitted from the voters' list through the incompeten carelessness of an official has to appear at court and be jected to cross-examination as if he were committing a cr Perhaps some day we shall get that perfect Franchise which will automatically bestow the vote—one vote everybody who ought to have it, and withhold it from who are not entitled to it. We doubt it, because if tha arrived lawyers and their kin would have a great deal to do—an objection which is fatal under our present sy of law-making.

* * *

Stiles and Hobbles.

A deluded writer, a few days ago, was sanguine enough to declare that newspapers in this country no longer have a silly season. Tacked on to this optimistic statement was a rhapsody on telegraphy and its effects in contracting the dimensions of the globe and on the enterprise of modern newspapers and so on. But nobody who is fated to read through the columns of our great dailies just now can believe for a moment that the silly season microbe is as rampant as ever. Last week, for instance, readers of the *Mirror* were treated to a half-column of experiences of

Reginald (referring to notice): "Waiter! Is there no alternative?"
Waiter; "Well, sir, we did 'ave some last week, sir, but it's hout of season now sir."

"And didn't you bathe at all while you were away, Professor?"
"Ah, madam, I dare not risk losing my personality."

staff who visited an obscure village for the purpose ong hobble-skirted women climb stiles. Thus is made! If we were to do this sort of thing we accused of deliberate naughtiness, but, of course, could not be suspected for a moment of anything ire to elevate and improve its readers. The cause *Mirrorite's* expedition affords another instance of minds think alike. Some days ago we poked fun Crowborough Parish Council, who had solemnly the momentous question whether stiles should be suit women's styles, or vice versa. Jealous of the which was secured by Crowborough the Hockley Council have also rushed into the breach and have ed lasting fame by their chivalrous decision to add the local stiles for the benefit of the hobble- We are now waiting for other village Solons to and obtain a similar cheap advertisement. When of such tremendous import as this is in the air international significance will have to take a for the dignity of the British Press must at all upheld.

* * *

...s of Clerkdom.

...great demonstration" of clerks in Hyde Park last ...was an utter fiasco, as was only to be expected. ...the truth we doubt if any good result would have ...even if the demonstration had really been great, ...suffragettes have knocked the bottom out of demon- ...as also out of Carsonitis and a few other things. ...as clerks, as a body, consider themselves too gentle- ...work on real trades-union lines and identify them- ...with other trades unions, exactly so long will they be ...trodden class. They must take off their kid gloves ...for a place in the sun. And even then they won't ...because the inexorable laws of supply and demand ...against them. Much might be done to ameliorate ...and in the interests of national health a system of ...ment inspection of offices and the enforcement of ...mum amount of cubic air space per employee in ...in factories and workshops, should undoubtedly be instituted forthwith. But the demand for a minimum wage of 35s. a week is merely crying in the wilderness, so long as there are hundreds of applicants for every vacancy which occurs. No matter how the labour market in other trades—(but, we forgot, clerking is a profession, isn't it?)—is situated there is always a glut of clerks. That is one result of free compulsory education. The son of the honest British workman, who earns his bread with his coat off, is not satisfied nowadays to follow in his father's footsteps. He aspires to join the coated and collared class. He gets a ridiculously inadequate education—misapplied would perhaps be the better adjective—at somebody else's expense, and at the earliest possible moment joins the noble army of clerks with the full intention of not doing one scrap more work than he can possibly avoid. Instead of being a sturdy independent workman with a trade at his fingers' ends he becomes a mere worm, spending dreary hours struggling with callous uninteresting rows of figures, and with the ever-present dread of dismissal. Of course, this doesn't apply to all clerks, but it states the hopeless case of very many thousands, and with the ever-increasing incursion of women into the field it is a case which is likely to get worse before it becomes better.

* * *

Whiskers.

The topic of the moment is decidedly—whiskers. In Russia the Old Believers' Congress has been seriously debating whether godliness is, or is not, inseparable from beards, seeing that shaving was prohibited by the fathers of the Church; and it was decided that the wicked beardless, after having received a solemn warning as to the enormity of their conduct in removing the hairy covering which Nature had provided, should be refused the Communion if they remained recalcitrant. Theologians have often been taunted with their propensity to split hairs on points of doctrine, but it is quite plain that this reproach cannot justly be applied to the Old Believers. More interesting still has been the discussion among the anthropologists of the British Association concerning the influence of beards upon the evolution of man. One savant declared that the develop-

ment of the chin, or lower jaw, was due to the aesthetic preference of the female anthropoid ape for a beardless male. In the course of time, naturally, the chins grew fastest which had no whiskers to get in the way, and the absence of chin whiskers has now come to denote that the ape's descendant has more jaw than he often knows how to hold. Still, the old rule holds good—beardless apes are often preferred by the fair sex to bearded men. But this charming theory did not go undisputed. Another professor contended that the male anthropoid was the determining factor. He showed a wise preference (which most of his descendants share) for a female unadorned with whiskers. Thus beardless ladies were gradually eliminated from the apian way, so to speak, until at the present day a high standard of feminine beauty has been attained (sometimes), and the whiskered feminine only exists on fair grounds. Charming theory, isn't it? And *so* simple! Of course, it has taken ages for the thing to work itself out, and it would probably take ages more before you could understand the theory—and then you wouldn't believe it.

A SEASIDE TRAGEDY.

Winnie and I were seated on the beach by moonlight—the kind of moonlight that makes one say things which seem very ridiculous the next morning.

I had just told her for the third time how delightful my holiday had been since I met her; and how blissful the remaining week of it would be, now that she had promised to meet me every day.

"And every evening," murmured Winnie, in the most charming manner possible.

It was then that I asked if I might give her a little present as a token of our friendship.

It did not seem to take Winnie long to discover that she wanted a watch, as she had lost hers bathing.

I explained that by some lucky chance I had to go to London the next day, so would have the very latest thing in watches posted to her from the best jeweller's in London the minute I arrived there.

"And," I concluded, "I will meet you here to-morrow evening."

"You are a darling," said Winnie.

* * *

The next morning, having arrived in London, I sought a jeweller's.

"I want to see the latest thing in ladies' watches," I said.

The assistant produced several jewelled trifles. One of these caught my fancy at once. It was a gold watch on a velvet band which contained several tiny diamonds (Parisian).

"How well it will look on Winnie's wrist," I thought.

"Send this by express, registered post, to Miss W. Nutt, 'Marina,' Brightend-on-Sea," I said.

* * *

Punctually at ten the same night, which (infaustum omen) was bereft of moon, I met Winnie on the beach.

"Darling," I said, after she had thanked me again and again for the watch: "I am glad you like it; do let me see it. I have been thinking all day how pretty it must look. I even hoped that you would let me fasten it the first time you wore it. I even composed a little poem in the train.

"I wish I were the watch that kissed
The dainty curve of——"

"How dare you," interrupted Winnie, getting up with her eyes flashing.

"Of Winnie's wrist," I continued feebly, but I was addressing the waves—for Winnie had gone.

* * *

It was not till I was in the train for London the next morning that a possible explanation of Winnie's wrath dawned on me.

As soon as I got to town, I went to the jeweller's where I had bought the watch.

I sought the assistant who had served me.

"You remember the lady's watch I bought yesterday?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, what kind of watch, was it?"

He seemed of a bashful nature, for his face turned the colour of the Ace of Hearts.

"Well, sir, it is meant to be worn below the knee. I believe, sir, it is (ahem) used for supporting the stocking."

* * *

What I really want to know now, is why he could not have told me all this when I bought the watch; but, as I have said before, he was a bashful man.

OUR CODY FUND.

20,000 SHILLINGS WANTED FOR COL. CODY'S WIDOW.

We desire to make an urgent appeal to our readers on behalf of the widow of Samuel Franklin Cody, one of the bravest and most enterprising of airmen that ever lived. He rendered inestimable service to the nation by his researches into the science of flight, and as everybody knows he lost his life when at the height of his fame, and long after he had triumphantly falsified the ridicule which at one time attached to his novel experiments.

His widow is left practically penniless. The whole of the prize money which he gained in open competition from the British Government was spent on the development of the science to which he devoted his life. The apparatus which he had got together, the material which was to be used in further experiments, or which was a witness to his progress in the art of flying, was sold the other day at little better than "scrap iron" prices. The efforts made by the joint committee of the aerial leagues have resulted in a paltry public subscription of £330.

It should be distinctly understood that the money subscribed is for the benefit of Mrs. Cody—and Mrs. Cody alone. We are not seeking to pay the debts due to the late Colonel Cody's creditors—if any. Every penny you send us will be applied directly to assisting his widow in her struggle for a bare existence. Her solicitors declare that she will be left penniless.

Surely generous and patriotic Britons are not going to let the matter rest!

What are YOU going to give?

We call upon our readers to send us £1,000 for Colonel Cody's widow. It is not a large amount, and can quickly be raised if only a small percentage of our readers will send along a shilling each. Most people can spare a shilling, and that is why we have decided to open the

"Modern Life" 1s. Cody Fund.

One of our advertisers, Mr. H. Diamond, of Lucerne, Switzerland, makes a most generous offer. To every shilling sent in he will add another one, so that the amount we ask you for is really £500, not £1,000. Furthermore, Mr. Diamond has subscribed £100 (2,000 shillings), so as to give the fund a good send off.

All subscriptions will be acknowledged in the columns of **Modern Life**, week by week. But we would like to hand over the money to Mrs. Cody at the end of September, and we trust you will remember the old adage, "He gives twice who gives quickly."

Subscriptions should be sent to the Manager of **Modern Life**, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Envelopes should be marked "Cody Fund" on the outside, and cheques or postal orders should be crossed "Cody Fund."

We are decidedly disappointed with the results obtained from the appeal to our readers, which was first made in our last issue. But perhaps this disappointment is premature, as owing to the exigencies of the press we have really had only two clear days on which it was possible for money to come to hand. Next week we hope to have an acknowledgment list of very much larger dimensions.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ALREADY RECEIVED.

Name and Address.	Shillings.
H. Diamond, Lucerne, Switzerland	2000
A Few Members of Dickeson's Staff, Canteen, 3rd Worcester Regiment, Tidworth	10
B. Simmons, jun.	1
H. M. M.	1
J. B., Acton	1
G. Mawson, Coulsdon	1
A. Breeze	1
E. H., Gateshead	1
Anon, Herne Hill	3
Frank Newman, Caversham	30
G. W. Webb, Reading	21
W. J. B. Leyburn, Dunstan-on-Tyne	2
A. Lansdowne, Southampton	5
T. Bunker, Hastings	1
E. Greaves, Peterborough	1
H. Paulton, Fulham	5
L. Boden, Leeds	1
I. Parry, Portsmouth	1
A. W. S. Scarlett, Whiteabbey	1
L. Griffiths, Porth	1
M. E. Goulter, Kingston	1
W. H. Galloway, Seacombe	10
C. C. Green, Petersfield	1
E. Dillon, Devonport	1
J. King, Streatham	2
F. W. Jackson, Bishop's Stortford	1
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H. Hewitt Griffin, Putney	5
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Mrs. E. Distin, Totnes	1
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H. Lucas, Woking	1
Anon	5
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E. Hall, Cottenham Park	3
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Miss Dalgleish, London	1
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S. Lloyd, Pontypridd	1
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T. P. Simpson, West Vale	1
W. Simpson, West Vale	1
C. Simpson, West Vale	1
T. Carley, Orpington	1
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Martha Rome, Gateshead-on-Tyne	1
Well Wisher, West Hartlepool	1
H. Botting, Mitcham	1
Howell, Blackfriars	1
A. Scott, Edinboro'	1
Captain Harris, Weymouth	1
A Widow's Mite, Monkwearmouth	1
Auld Reekie, Carlisle	1
Reevey, Manchester	1
An Admirer, Walthamstow	1
Mrs. and Mr. Westwood, Poplar	1
Willoughby, Brecon	1
H. Davies, Llanelly	1
E. Reeves, Cardiff	1
H. Richards, Swansea	1
R. Schwiell, Aberavon	1
W. Evans, Aberystwyth	1
P. Salvers, McSweeney (Come Over Here Co.), London Opera House	1
G. Piggott, Folkestone	1
F. Emerick, Stoke Newington	1
Ellis, Shepherds Bush	1
Jones, Carmarthen	1
F. Monk, Chester	1
C. Davies, Haverfordwest	1
Whitlock, Blaenau Festiniog	1
N. James, Church Stretton	1
Martin, Amesbury	1
Atkin, Dover	1
G. George, Llandilo	1
W. Mackensie, Coventry	1
S. Talbot, Salisbury	1
Wood, Trowbridge	1
Bawtry, Andover	1
B. W., Chippenham	1
C. Dyas, Merthyr Tydfil	1
M. Phillips, Worcester	1
G. Emery, Abergavenny	1
F. Algar, Machynlleth	1
Lloyd, Andover	1
Stracham, Hillingdon, Uxbridge	1
Brooks, W., Birmingham	1
Wright, P., Hull	1
Oldfield, G., Skegness	1
F. Smith, Bradford	1
Cooper, Tunbridge Wells	1
L. C., Worthing	1

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Who was the very pretty girl who went into a well-known stockbroker's the other day and sold a beautiful bowl for a goodly sum? What would her very religious parents say if they only knew that she is the wife of a Chinaman resident in London, and that she has been married some couple of years?

* * *

Is anything more likely to come of the affair between the pretty fair-haired actress and the somewhat middle-aged officer in the Guards? And if so, what will his people have to say on the subject?

* * *

Why is the beautiful Countess somewhat piqued at the attitude of her son not relying on her for advice and guidance. Because she has been so spoilt herself on account of her beauty that she positively can't bear the idea of anyone else taking her place?

*

Why did the youthful peer and heir like being packed off so hastily. And what was that little pearl necklace he managed to give his little friend just out of all the presents taken to present at the meeting? Well, perhaps let us have "been young" when we were young, and in most cases it does no harm. The best of us right sometimes, and any way the

*

Is it not a fact that one of the houses at Hampstead which was rented for the winter are being relet for the winter season? And is the reason why the police at Hampstead are less vigilant than their colleagues in London

*

Is it a game of golf is concerned?

*

Who was the generous-hearted actor who took the much worse-for-wear man home the other night and got attacked by the husband's wife for his trouble? Whatever did the poor thing think when he was seized by a vision in a garment of too white a hue and thoroughly shaken, while a voice punctuated the shakes with the words: "So I've got you at last! Tell me, where do you take him off nights?" Tell me, where do you take him off nights?" Our advice to actors is that whenever you see a mass of humanity lying in the gutter in certain connected with liquor, leave it there.

* * *

Is it not a well-known fact that the daughter of an Irish peer is causing her father no end of trouble, and that he has said on more than one occasion that he would give half his possessions to see her married.

* * *

Is it not a fact that one of the officers in a recent divorce suit will be allowed to re-enter the service in full state. We wish him better luck this time.

*

Is it not a fact that a certain officer, officially highly placed to be seen dancing the bunny hug on the promenade at Eastbourne and practising the bunny hug on the promenade at Eastbourne in the morning in full dress and orders.

That the Earl and the barmaid are not just now on the best of terms, and that he is beginning to wonder whether the game was worth the candle after all. Perhaps in future he'll listen to sound advice when it's offered him.

* * *

Will the chorus girl return the emeralds to the keeping of her dusky admirer? According to those in the know "No, not if she can help it."

* * *

Who is the pretty little girl known as "Impy"? Isn't she making hay while the sun shines? Presently her fond hubby will be home from Nigeria, and then "Good-bye to all these happy little parties and suppers."

* * *

Was it not a piece of rotten luck for the man to pass his opinion on the figure of the wrong woman. Also didn't that smack under the ear give him one of the biggest surprises he ever had in his life?

* *

That a clergyman "very high up" in the church, as an old woman expressed herself, said a very very naughty word the other day when a certain aristocratic lady wished to have her baby christened at a none too convenient hour. Bad man!

* *

A lady much given to *embonpoint* accepted the advice of a friend and practised swimming exercises when lying on her back on the floor. One evening during the winter months practice was in full swing on the hearthrug. The new Persian, not having fully comprehended the exact whereabouts of the footstool, sprang with goodly force on a nice soft tempting place. The lady sprang up with a scream. "Great heaven!" she cried, "whatever can have exploded?"

* *

ONE OF THE CREW.

Jones: "And have YOU seen the sea-serpent?"
The Mariner: "Not since I signed the pledge."

Our little stage ladies who marry into the aristocracy make the most of that fact—or at any rate the newspapers do it for them. But it is not always thus. A leading French variety artist recently espoused a noble Marquis, but only on condition that the marriage was kept secret. "I prefer," she said, "for the sake of my future, that everybody should think you are merely my friend. That is worth more to me!" And the infatuated young marquis consented.

* * *

That nothing is likely to come of the affair between the two service men after all. A full explanation having been given and accepted, the matter is likely to end. Still, it might have been different. "Madge" was certainly worth fighting for. Apparently that's what both men thought.

* * *

We wonder if the wealthy stockbroker who, chancing to find a certain lady's locket, removed the portrait of her husband which it contained and substituted one of his own, had any idea of the trouble he was preparing for himself? What the husband said when he discovered the exchange and if he is now threatening to start divorce proceedings?

A VOYAGE TO VENUS.

It is not impossible that this was written
by H. G. WELLS.

I was one of the First Men in the Moon. Fact.

Ever since I was there I have been possessed of several hundred tormenting devils in the shape of desires to explore Other Worlds, and I have devoted my life to discovering means.

You have heard of witches riding broomsticks. Such a unanimous superstition could not have arisen without some foundation, so all the forgotten lore of bygone days was my hunting ground, old musty black-letter folios and books of legerdemain written by men, aye, and women, who have crumbled to dust hundred of years ago. An old illuminated Latin MS. furnished me with that for which I had sought so many years. At last! Eureka!

Listen. Those broomsticks were coated over with a preparation which made them strongly resist the laws of gravitation, so strongly indeed that they soared aloft at the will of the owners. And the MS. gave the formula for this preparation. In two months I built an air-tight, patent-ventilating, semi-detachable sphere which I liberally coated with "Silivate" (such I called it) and now, now, I am ready for that awful journey from which perchance I shall never return. My secret is unbelievable, incommunicable. Alone must I go; I must sing my own swan-song; I must lie on the bed I have made—and a deuced hard one it is.

* * *

I am sailing amid worlds.

I control my sphere by—but there is no need to bore you with elaborate technical details. Suffice it to say that I am at present steering for Venus, and expect to reach that planet before mid-day by the clock I carry with me. I have dined sumptuously on the smell of roast beef and the odour of stewed prunes and semolina, washed down with a flavour of green chartreuse. Those are—what shall I call them?—catables and smellables of my own invention. I have discovered that it is possible to live without actual food in bulk and I have taken with me air-tight cans of varied smells which sustain me magnificently.

At mid-day precisely I landed on Venus by adjusting the spiral—but I forgot; this is not a scientific paper. The ground was moist and covered by brown leathery grasses which attained such a considerable height that for all my six feet my head only looked out over the gently moving grass—trees—shrubbery, call it what you will—with difficulty, and on all sides my eyes met the same monotonous expanse. My journey had been in vain. Venus was uninhabited.

But the air affected me curiously. I felt—I felt queer, strange, somehow—so I felt when in my younger days I became a "Johnnie in the stalls" for the sake of a blue-eyed chorus girl in the front row. It was queer. Unconsciously I began to hum—

"The very first girl I see,
Joyfulee
I'll throw my arms around her."

Suddenly a rushing was heard in the grass, the noise of some heavy body moving towards me. Then:

"Good heavens!" I muttered, "what calves!" For, shining through the brownish grass, were a woman's legs.

"Good morning," I called.

A face peered at me, a face perfect in its classical beauty.

"Heavens! what a funny thing," she cried in Latin.

I swallowed the compliment, and "Ora pro nobis," I remarked. Luckily I had acquired a thorough knowledge of the Latin language at college. I told her who and what I was, where I had come from, and what I had come to see.

She seemed hardly surprised. "Come this way," she said, as though I desired to purchase an overcoat. I followed the twinkling white feet, and at length we came to a gigantic replica of the cash-box they use in large shops. You know what I mean. Your money and the bill are placed in the ball together, a lever is pulled and the ball whizzes along a rail to return shortly afterwards with your change. Into this we got, and I cuddled close in feigned terror. She put the lid on, touched a lever and we buzzed off. Just like a warehouse.

I was sorry when we disembarked, but I had an opportunity of studying my companion even more closely. She was dressed in a white toga, that was all, but she was the finest specimen of womanhood I have ever seen. She was a statue come to life.

"Are there any more like you?" I murmured, bashfully.

"Like me? They're all like me."

"Many?"

"About three hundred millions in the whole world."

I nearly collapsed. "Are there no men?" I asked.

THE SUMMER GIRL'S GOOD-BYE.

"Men? Men? What do you mean?"

"Like me?"

"No; only like me."

Then they must be mortal, I thought. "Do y

die?" I asked.

"Alas! yes," she said.

"Then there must be less of you than formerly

it skilfully.

"No. You see . . we lay eggs."

I gasped and suppressed an almost overpowering

laugh. To remove the impression of being leading

in a farcical comedy—

"Have you any prisons, tubes for speaking to

long distances (I meant telephones), senates, po

suffragettes?" I asked her when I recovered.

"O yes! most of these," she said. "Come, I

you the prison." I followed her through crowd

where passers-by gaped at my guide and me.

reminded me of prints of ancient Athens.

Through a gloomy courtyard we strode.

"The punishment chamber," said my guide.

Pale-faced, weary-eyed women held telephone

their ears, their foreheads wet with sweat.

"4168X92 Coelum, please," pleaded one.

Coelum, please, oh, please!" She wept in anguish

"She's been trying to get that number for

whispered my guide. "The service is so bad, you

the cruellest torture we could invent."

"There's nothing new—"; but as I did not kn

we were over or under the sun, I did not co

sentence.

"And how are you governed?" I then asked.

"Well, you see, at the head of us all, there

(The MS. here ends. The ravages of the sea

it was taken render it barely readable. The whole

in a curious sphere which no longer possesses

referred to in the MS. Happily the covering ea

us further news. It says: . .)

To prevent my returning, therefore, I am s

my sphere, enclosing this MS. I have found

Imagine, there's three hundred million Venu

this planet, and I'm the only male amongst the

O, I wish my mother could see me now.

ERIC

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

NO USE.

Eve: If I had a husband who drank as hard as yours I'd make him buy a plaster and stick it over his mouth.
Wife: That wouldn't do any good; he'd buy a porous one.

* * *

"Kerry yer beg, s'h?
Miller: No; thanks.
"Do it for sixpence, s'h!
Miller: I said "No."
"Freppence then?
Miller: Go away!
"Gimme a penny then?"
Miller: If you don't go away I'll give you in charge."
(To pal on the other side of road): Say, Bill, 'ere's a bit yer. Toff wants 'is beg carried for nothing."

* * *

"I asked her if her husband smoked," said the woman of inquiring mind; "and what do you think! She said 'I know!'"
"I can't see what difference it makes to you."
"Well, I don't care whether he smokes. I wanted to find out if he kisses her."

* * *

MUSICIAN APPRECIATED.

While sometimes musicians complain of lack of appreciation, here is a pleasant instance of one who won more admiration than he had ever aspired to. A Chinese visitor went to hear a violin player; so much so, in fact, that he offered him a handsome engagement in China.
"I have never seen a juggler," said the visitor, "who could put as much brass pipe as you and spit it out again, and I wish the people here regard it with an utter lack of astonishment."

* * *

Mrs. Milholland, New York's beautiful suffragist, was accosted one day in a street at Washington by the loud voice of a little girl who wanted her mother to buy her an ice cream. Miss Milholland gave the youngster a coin to continue, and looking at the woman's other child remarked: "I suppose this sturdy little urchin belongs, I suppose, to the sex?"
"Yessum," replied the woman, "Yessum, dat's a girl, too."

* * *

THE PENALTIES OF THE TRANSPARENT SKIRT.

Urchin: Hi! 'ere's a cise for the p'lice. Jockey 'as a woman!"

* * *

The orator spoken for three solid hours—and on woman's rights at that—and when he finished the men were completely exhausted. Said one:

"Very well! If you are not satisfied you can get out!"
—*Le Sourire.*

"Look here, Eliezer, I don't see why you should put on so much side just because you were once snubbed by Pierpont Morgan."
"Ah, but just think how rich he was, Rebecca!"
—*Journal Amusant.*

"Why, I'm thinking she must be dicky in the dome!" "For heaven's sake, don't!" said the other. "I wouldn't even suggest the existence of a dome at all!"

* * *

Street man, after seeing the wedding procession of the daughter of a multi-millionaire: "Good Lord, Bill, sum on 'em needs to 'ave a bit o' cash, eh?"

* * *

This is the season of the year when an enormous crop of meritorious shows is promised to an expectant public. It is also a season quite near early frosts.

* * *

The average boy prefers the seaside tan to the tanning he gets at home.

* * *

HIS EXCUSE.

"Loogy yuh, Brudder Baggus!" severely said good old Parson Bagster, on a recent Monday morning. "What was de 'casion for you' 'sturbin' de whole cong'egation last night by snawtin dat-uh-way and den gittin' up and trompin' out'n de church wid all de ferocity of a blind hoss?"

"Uh-well, to tell de troof, Pahson," answered the culprit, "I's amphibious."

"Wha-what's dat yo' specifies? Yo' is what?"

"Amphibious, sah. I walks in muh sleep."
—*Judge.*

* * *

REMINDED HIM.

"A man never loses anything by politeness," said the Old Fogey.

"I know a lot of men who never intend to," added the Grouch.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

* * *

WORSE LUCK.

Muggins: What's the matter with Brokeby? He looks worried.

Guggins: He can't meet his bills.

Muggins: That's nothing. I can't dodge mine.
—*Springfield Union.*

* * *

Marjorie: She's going to have her picture taken in her transparent skirt.

Madge: Why doesn't she go to one of those X-ray photographers?—*Judge.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

A paper states "there are certain reasons why the Duchess and Lady Di want to keep out of England at present." More scandal?

* * *

A man was overheard to remark in the smoking room of a fashionable club, "No, never as long as I live will I again raise a finger for the sake of a woman." Who's been letting *him* down?

* * *

Anklets are to be the thing for winter wear. Fancy garters are evidently not suitable for the purpose. We call ourselves "advanced," yet we are not above going to the East to borrow ideas and fashions.

* *

Flappers are in despair. Said one the other day: "Really, I think the world's rotten. Why can't they allow every man to have six wives. I'd rather have that than nothing!" Apparently there's been nothing doing this season. Bad luck!

* *

Why does Florence Barclay always write about young men falling in love with women old enough to be their grandmothers? Is it that she is so good-hearted and wishes to brighten the last years of old maids by showing them they may still hope?

* *

Who is the British General alleged to have said "that the Chinese make such excellent soldiers because they regard their womenkind as non-entities"?

* *

Why a certain M.P. has made up his mind not to stand for re-election? Is it by any chance that having married into the aristocracy, the lady's friends and relations "have no patience with such a *business* as politics have become of late years." Tut, tut!

* * *

According to Paris dressmakers, transparent skirts will not be much used for general wear. We knew it. Some women's legs are best covered up. Petticoats undoubtedly have their use. They hide many deformities.

* * *

Whether it is not a matter of comment in the R.N. that Winston Churchill is having his full whack of the use of the Admiralty yacht, and is scarcely ever ashore? And if the reason is that it is not the life on the ocean wave, or the benefit of the British taxpayer, that inspires he First Sea Lord, but the "red carpet," the saluting and gun-firing that attend his arrivals and departures from the naval centres?

* * *

Fortunately, Mrs. Winston is a very good sailor, and enjoys the "fore-locking" of the Tars just as much as her husband!

* * *

Evening dresses are to be "lower" than usual. Is it possible? Sometimes now it is necessary to look under the table to see exactly what a woman is wearing.

TAKING NO RISKS.

He: "Shall I teach you to swim, dear?"
She; "No, thanks. I've got a return ticket."

"Isn't Allan Aynesworth a duck!" exclaimed an impressionable young thing the other night after she had seen him make love. "He's quite plump enough for killing, any rate!" was the ready reply from her much older friend. *She* evidently had got over her trouble.

* * *

An actress was heard to exclaim with vigour the other day "I'm immortal! I'm a film!" We don't quite know so much about the film making her immortal; but, we know that her reputation will live for many years after has turned her toes to the daisies. Some reputations a lot of killing.

* * *

"If there's one person I avoid more than any other in the wife of the colonel," a great military authority is reported to have said. "She not only runs the colonel, but the regiment as well!" Why not express views a little original? That's a fact that's been well proved ever the creation of the Army. As a man once put it: Colonel top dog—peace! Mrs. Anybody else—dam fu

*

Whether the any foundation report that Mr. is negotiating production of a film of "Ag and the Lion a real lion in —and whether thinks that Nature herself improve on "beastly" provided by Mr and M. Rayne

*

Whether the craze for having graphs taken eyes closed has the effect verting a negative into opener?

*

Whether Majesty King tine has been more elbow than was at a sary just lately he didn't co drop the fat in at Potsdam?

*

Whether has been saying Frenchmen it" with what men have been about whether the Potsdam was spired by a

queen's revenge for the ridicule which a number Parisian newspapers have showered upon her in pa

* *

The name of the young diplomat who was heard the other evening at the Embassy, "Well, there's lot of chemise in the diplomatic valise, doncherkno

* *

Whether the Albert Hall is to be the scene of great carnival ball this Christmas, and whether one leading organisers will be Lady Muriel Paget?

* *

Whether "Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane has ceived the stamp of public approbation?

* *

The name of the wealthy American lady who, ing at a certain hotel in the Place Vendôme, patched a call-boy to procure her a couple of stal much advertised play "Rélâche," and what she tho she discovered it was not a play at all?

He: "The management seem to have spared no expense in the production of this play."
She: "No, indeed. I heard they have given each chorus girl at least three coats of paint."

...er the man at Canning Town who was fined one ... for selling adulterated mustard thinks that he got it

* * *

...ame of the "Archdeacon's wife" who is advertising ... young gentlewoman who would look after her little ... do all necessary needlework" for the magnificent £12 a year, and why slave drivers of this sort are ... with by the law?

* * *

...er the "Cockatoo Costume" with which a woman ... staggered Harrogate will be considered somewhat ...ghty" to be included among forthcoming autumn

* * *

...er "Tango toe"—the very latest thing in ailments ... found on Turkey trotters?

* * *

...ame of the well-known actress who was formerly ... and who has just returned from a twelve months' ... Continent to astonish everyone with her extra- ...ness? And whether there are not a number of ... who would give a good deal to learn how the miracle ... accomplished?

* * *

...er "The Fugitive" will prove a good catch for ...worthy?

* * *

...er Mr. Rudyard Kipling's one-act play, "The Har- ...sh," is going as well as it ought?

* *

..."Cabaret Suppers by Candlelight" are to form ... of the coming season?

* * *

...r the Salvation Army, which has just launched out ...sh anti-drink campaign, will get anything but ... in some quarters?

* *

...Pankhurst will be allowed to land in America, or if ... deported as an "undesirable alien"?

* *

...r the vivid blazers which are now the prevailing ...ong golfing girls are intended to match the vivid ...f the men?

* *

...there isn't too much "Larkin'" in Dublin just at

* *

...r the offer of a pig as a prize by one of our con- ...ss was an attempt to gammon its readers?

Whether "Washing Day," who recently won a race, was really only out for an "airing"?

* * *

Whether the Birmingham man who cut his throat because he didn't like hot weather took care to satisfy himself as to the temperature of his probable future state?

* * *

Whether Mr. Hawker, of waterplane fame, has really refused an offer of £250 a week to appear on the stage of a West End music-hall?

* * *

Whether the new play at the Gaiety is to contain the most beautiful "small-part and show ladies" of any musical comedy in town?

* * *

Whether the motorist who, running short of petrol, procured a bottle of best brandy and with it ran his car to the next garage, has more ingenuity than sense of the fitness of things?

* * *

Whether the "suit cases" said to be growing popular among women are breach of promise suit cases?

* * *

Whether the censor is proving a great boom to some writers just now and whether the school-girl who entered a library with a demand for "the last book placed on the censored list" is only a straw to show which way the wind is blowing?

* * *

Whether the "motor-cycle flapper," attired in leather breeches, a boy's cap and goggles, and a sports coat, is now quite a common sight in certain districts along the South Coast?

* * *

What the genial host said last week when one of his visitors shot a weasel instead of a rabbit and then blandly remarked "Oh, I'm most awfully sorry. You see, I didn't know the ferret was there!" We understand he may not be included in next year's invitations.

* * *

A day or two ago we read apropos of the Dublin trouble—"Any man found carrying arms in his hands is liable to be arrested." It made us think of the Irishman who once said to a friend: "Micky, m' bhoy, love is a deloightful disease. It worries you so much that ye can get no rest at all for thinkin' o' the pleasure o' the pain!"

* * *

That for the winter skirts are to be tighter than ever. No wonder women are suffering from a new complaint known as "The Restrained Knee."

TABLOID TOPICS.

Where there's a will there's a law suit.

* * *

Although they don't show Jacob's ladder at His Majesty's you see him in a Tree.

* * *

"Home Rule is merely a canard," declares a Tory journal. We canardly believe it.

* * *

Drunkards are useless at Art, says a temperance reformer. But they can always become cubeists.

* * *

"Is there a cure for drink?" asks a poster. Well, it's no use "treating" the patient, anyway.

* * *

"Flying Disasters are getting very rare," says a junior reporter. The Great Auk must look to its laurels.

* * *

A citizen of New York has been charged with burning his mother-in-law's face. That's a sear-ious charge.

* * *

A correspondent is surprised at a certain athlete objecting to be called "light-weight champion." But perhaps he's a grocer.

* * *

Should Lawyers Lie?—*Evening Standard* headline. As Christians we believe in no man being deprived of his occupation.

* * *

"Exciting Incident at Charing Cross," shrieks an evening paper headline. Can a S.E.C.R. train have come in punctually?

* * *

"We film everything that moves," says a cinema firm's advertisement. The growler we got into last Saturday wouldn't be much use to them, we fear.

* * *

"Queen Mary is the possessor of a beautiful voice, which was trained by Tosti and is devoted to music," says a contemporary. We always use ours to crack nuts with.

* * *

If you want a thing done well do it yourself is an excellent saw when applied to emptying a bottle of Johnnie Walker, but when one wants one's hair cut—well, it's silly.

* * *

A popular author who thinks he's epigrammatical says that moral courage is the power to say "No." We are, then, morally courageous as regards work, if not as regards drink.

* * *

Mr. James Douglas in *London Opinion* declares that "overdressed women are worse than any wild animal." But we always thought it was the under-dressed women that were wild.

* * *

The Acton magistrates ordered Joseph Thomas to be "detained" for fourteen days for ill-treating a goat, euphemises the *Evening Standard*. We trust he will not be inconvenienced by strenuous labour.

* * *

"T.P." says that Mr. Birrell's flashes of humour—sometimes unexpected and unannounced—have the same blinding effect on the House as sudden lightning. And then hon. members wait for the Opposition thunder.

* * *

According to the great authorities in the millinery line, hats are to be worn much larger during the autumn. Only the other day we saw a woman who had evidently purchased her hat with a view to hiding her waist line.

* * *

Some new cookery classes have been started in America by means of which the housewife receives "advice and help" on cookery "by mail." If the tarts suddenly started burning it would have to be "by telegraph" we presume.

* * *

A *Daily News* announcement runs:—"Women's Freedom League." "Trafalgar Square Demonstration," and immediately underneath a Salvation Army notice is headed in large type "Remaking Men." What terrible nerve shocks we are subject to nowadays.

* * *

A Milan journal has an advertisement for a young man willing to marry a beautiful heiress, whose only stipulation is that he should be able to endure a polar climate. Wants to warm her cold feet on the small of his back, we presume, but even at that there must be lots of young men who will simply freeze on to such an opportunity.

* * *

A Miss Popova has won the high jump at the K... Olympiad at Kieff. Quite natural!

* * *

"Yarmouth rolling in money," says a ... shall now be hearing of Yarmouth bloaterc...

* * *

The *Daily Sketch* asks: "Is a woman forty ... too old to love?" A lot depends on face value ... balance.

* * *

A *Daily News* article: "Why not ... by a sufferer." Why such an extreme ... sack the cook?

* * *

A Yarmouth resident is advertising apartments ... and others. Most boarding-house keepers, ... a confirmed dislike for heavy'aters.

* * *

An American who was arrested at Rotherham ... of stealing an overcoat, said he was busy walking ... world. If so, what was he doing in the West—Ridi...

* * *

A newspaper asks: "Will Hotspur and Blac... separated?" We hope not, because they are ... and a match between them should fire the ... any crowd.

* * *

Mr. James R. Wyant, a gentleman from On... ing for divorce because his wife insists on wearing ... skirt" in the street. He has our sympathy. No ... his wife to make a butt of herself.

* * *

An "Answer to Correspondents"—"Should ... to spend a long time in that country, a passport ... as affording a means of identification in case ... imagine the inquirer will change his mind.

* * *

"Six tons of coal burned themselves out in a ... a house at Holyhead. The house escaped with d... heat, smoke, and water," says a news par. A mere ... Very little worse than a spring cleaning.

* * *

Garters with flap pockets to carry ... American craze. The adoption of ... up one's capital in bearer securities may ... caused by falls in stocks, but it does not do ... calamity which would follow the breaking of ...

* * *

Sir John Runciman, criticising the financial m... the River Tyne Commissioners, described it ... eyed system." The Commissioners are undeci... to be very cross about it, or to turn up their no... tempt.

* * *

The aesthetic preferences of the female anthrop... in remote ages are said to have had a great effect upo... evolution, especially in relation to the formation ... Perhaps a little attention to detail ... descendants of to-day will also dev... ing it.

* * *

A party of visitors, while staying in ... prayers every morning and evening. But ... ing that ... Earnest prayer ... trouble, we wonder ... merely Income Tax?

* * *

New colours for the autumn, we learn, inc... "niggerhead-brown," and "fuchsia-purple." ... be rather sweet, but with the Jack Johnson cont... fresh upon us, we imagine that the girl who ad... second will run the risk of acquiring ... bad? Well, say "feature.")

* * *

According to Professor Carveth ... is more like a dog than any ... that is why so many men who are on ... wows have an early morning predilection ... dog that bit them.

* * *

Jockey blouses and jockey caps are ... feminine fashions forecasted by the *Drapers'* ... wearers expect to be well in the running for the Ci... monial Stakes.

"LEILA OF THE LINKS."

WIT AND WISDOM.

can do anything for the blindness of self-love.

* * *

...ity seldom makes the man until after the man ... the opportunity.

* * *

...as dull as his point of view.

* * *

...nts of human nature ever graduate.

* * *

...n are too polite to adhere strictly to the truth.

* * *

...rriage : ...t the only place in which marriage is ...

* * *

...t ... ess passes for wisdom—with the man who ... less.

* * *

...very woman dislikes flattery—when she hears it ... others.

The average girl is even willing to marry a brainy man if she can't do any better.

* * *

The young widow who hesitates is won.

* * *

A sure way to be ignorant is to think you know it all.

* * *

Getting a husband is an art; keeping him is a domestic problem.

* * *

A man may be a heavyweight fighter and a lightweight husband.

* * *

Some girls fall in love, and some others are pushed in by anxious mothers.

* * *

Even fortune comes to him who waits—if he doesn't starve to death in the meantime.

IN STAGELAND.

"Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane gives us the Collins mastery of mise-en-scene at its very highest limit of sensational effect. It would, I suppose, for most of you be mere meaningless repetition for me to describe the airship with its cargo of men and one lady in moods of tragedy and death. I will endeavour instead to tell you of the least recognised of the wonders most deserving of recognition and comment.

* * *

Each annual Drury Lane drama, it may have been noticed, emphasises anew the originality of the most ingenious crime, or practical joke of the preceding year. It is only necessary that it be an isolated, unique instance of audacity and insolent disregard of consequence on the part of its perpetrators. Witness, in a bygone drama, the little coup of the promising member of our "old nobility" whereby several selected nuts of prime kitchen cobbles at 24s. the ton took the place of some priceless diamonds in a jewel-casket to which the nut aforementioned (the noble lord, I mean, not the coal) had access. Notice this year the Eastern potentate and his coloured entourage being received on a British warship with appropriate naval honours; thereby repeating the feat of a few ingenious men-about-town and undergraduates who actually succeeded in getting themselves so received, with the aid of friend Willie Clarkson, the wig-wizard of Wardour Street.

GABY DESLYS AND HARRY PILCER.

Collins has to a superb degree the faculty or knack of utilising those tangible truths that are always stranger than fiction. The Colonial or casual visitor would say, "an absurd over-drawn effect." We may correct him, in the exclusive instance of Drury Lane dramas, with the final and emphatic dictum of recorded incidentals in past numbers of lurid halfpenny papers.

* * *

It is great men like Sir Herbert Tree and Sir Arthur Collins—(oh yes! I know, but we can afford to take time by the forelock a bit in *Modern Life*)—who keep our drama perennially young, and are the secret intellectual envy of our cousins of America and our friends and acquaintances of the Continent.

* * *

Mr. Eustace Gray tells me that his Palladium Minstrels, with brand new effects and some of the finest established male vocalists and humorists, open up again the first day of Christmas week for the happiness and welfare of all the best-constructed children of all ages.

* * *

I wish some of our daily critical and informative gentlemen could keep themselves better informed and avoid for us the mild shocks and disappointments we sustain occasionally at their hands. Last week, besides Happy Fanny Fields, Miss Victoria Monks was to leave the variety stage: a misdemeanour accounted for by alleged [illegible] motives. I looked out the lady of the vivid personality peculiar vocal persuasion last night to hear the worst is the very best! "Vicky" is [illegible] British Public's, not in the sense that might [illegible] the critic's plural—no such luck!), by [illegible] settled contract, every week until 1918, [illegible] has been arranged.

* *

Further she promised me that the extraordinarily humorous scena, "Don't Drive Me From Home," should shortly be revived. It was in my opinion one of the most joyful numbers of variety of three years ago, and Miss Monks wrote that, as well as most of her successful numbers, herself. I wonder how many know of that surprising little fact.

* *

Again, we were told that Lew Hearn and his handsome wife, Bonita, were to leave this week for America. Mr. Hearn assured me, after he had sorted himself out from the floral entanglement that prevailed "behind" at the London Hippodrome on "Hullo! Ragtime's" last night, that he will attach themselves to the revue on its tour of [illegible] class provincial halls and theatres, indefinitely—as the principals have done.

CORAM AND "JERRY."

* *

I regret having [illegible] to the film entitled "Jacob and His Brethren." This film [illegible] nection with and partakes not at all of the [illegible] charm of the production at His Majesty's. I [illegible] reprehensible to a degree that some degree of [illegible] in the nomenclature of films is not exercised by [illegible] self-respecting among the film-producing firms.

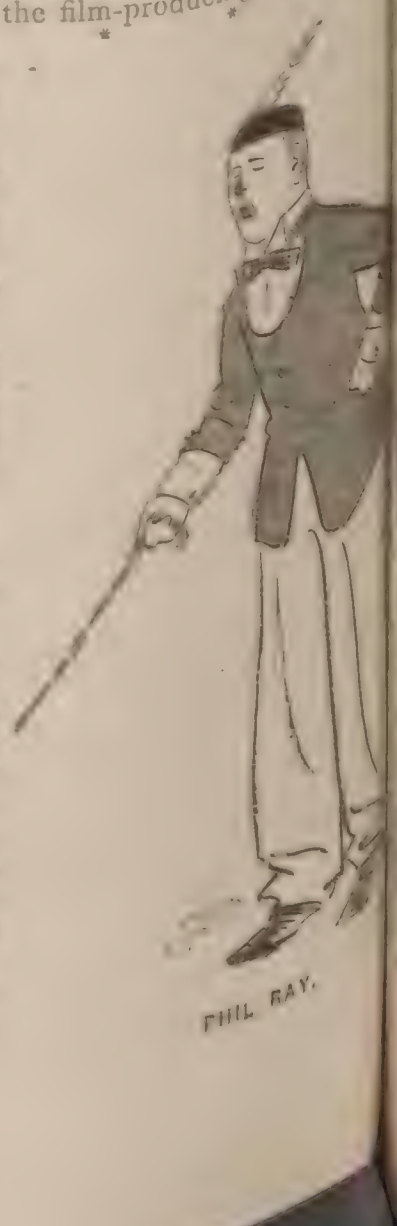
* *

Mr. Bernhardt, the popular Regent Street concert director, has in preparation a remarkable vocal melange to be called "The Russian Choir." He has secured some male vocalists of unusual attainments. The instrumental arrangements are left in the capable hands of Madame Juliette Vedey.

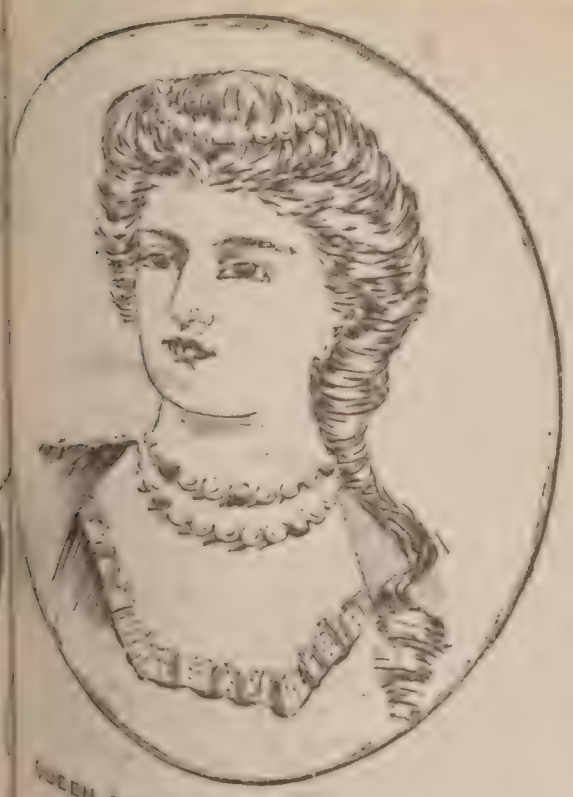
* *

I am indeed delighted to be able to record the partial recovery of Mr. H. G. Pelissier from his recent acute illness. He is not yet "out of the wood," however, and I extend my very sincerest sympathies to his clever young wife (Miss Fay Compton) in her ordeal, which all the best of the wit-loving public of the day are sharing with her.

W.R.C.R.



PHIL RAY.



QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 21.

THE AMAZING LIFE STORY OF CHRISTINA QUEEN OF SWEDEN, THE MOST UNCOUTH MONARCH WHO EVER LIVED.

t lack of precept that made Christina of Sweden the
in that she was. She had for father a Swedish King,
s in every way worthy of his country and his lineage—
brave as a lion: in the drawing room a gentleman: and
library a scholar. King Gustavus Adolphus was a sort of
man, and in her early years his daughter Christina
rely to resemble him in his many accomplishments.
inherited her father's love of study—she was more than
al as a linguist, and her skill as a writer of Greek and
verses astonished the Professors of the University when
still a child in short frocks. How, then, came it that
Christina, when in sole occupation of a Throne, so
tely forsook the predilections of her childhood as to live
d," with a dirty handkerchief tied roughly round her
ke a cowboy on the prairie; her head shaved, and tied
any old thing that was handy; a valet for a lady's maid;
barber's son for her bed-fellow! How was it, we ask?
must remain unanswered, for Christina of Sweden
appalling human contradiction the world has
e only excuse we can offer for her extraordinary life
r mother was a woman of low tastes, who was fonder
company of potmen than of princes and priests. But
the fact that her daughter was a prodigy of
a child, and the very opposite of what she ulti-
me.

Christina's Man-Madness Begins.

d Christina "The Muse of the North." Descartes
r, "There is nothing nobler, finer, more God-like and
than this young girl, who carries the wisdom of Plato
ps, and gifts of gold in her hands!" To her court—
young—to her throne—all the savants of Europe
, for in her they found encouragement for their studies
stigations. It was Christina's misfortune, no doubt,
re she was away from the apron-strings she was not
own mistress, but Sovereign of the Realm. The hand
ht have made her one of the most admirable of women
ddenly lifted, Christina had, as it were, to bring up
the result that she degenerated into a slut who
an odours, whose rags clung to her back, and
n lovers was execrable. Like most other Royal
d her share of mad blood, and her eccentricities
th a manifestation of hatred for women's attire, and
ding affection for trousers. At first Christina began
in a man's overcoat and a sword. A man's wig
ufficiently accentuated her desire to pose as a man,
cultivated the "Billingsgate" of her day, and encour-
nt her to do likewise.

Hoyden; then a Blackguard; a Rake; and Semi-savage!"

the man who swore nicest; who could slap
Waller; and, generally, swank his way any-
if he could tell her a nutty story—or a dozen or
of a billet. Nor must he be modest in the
uphs and haws for Christina! No blinking the
Queen of Sweden! She liked her stories with the
the sheets off! And the man who engaged to tell
unny one found he telling it to *him* as soon as
delicate part, and remembered that his auditor
Christina would finish it for him! She didn't
the story. She wouldn't blush and simper at
ident frankly told—not she! Hence, by the
ty, Christina hadn't much to learn. Her morality had already become a byword. Quickly Sweden saw its young Queen degenerate into a hoyden, then a blackguard, then a rake, and later on, a semi-savage.

A Pen Picture of Queen Christina.

By the time she had reached maturity her figure had degenerated with her mind. "She is without symmetry," it is recorded; "she is round shouldered, and her hips are out of line with the rest of her body; she limps; has bad sight; her laugh is ugly; her face, when she is amused, wrinkling up like a piece of parchment when thrown on the fire. One breast is much lower than the other, so that the neck on one side seems quite flat. Her mouth is not ugly, so long as she is careful not to laugh; she neglects her teeth, and it is not pleasant to approach too near her. Her style of dress is as extraordinary as her person, for in her wish to make herself conspicuous from the rest of her sex, she wears only short petticoats, and a tight-fitting jacket, a man's hat and collar, or else a handkerchief round her neck like a horseman starting on an expedition—in short, to see her going along buttoned up to the chin, in her black wig, her short skirt, and her humped shoulders, you would take her for a monkey dressed up!"

Queen Christina's First Lover.

With her masculine antics, and public adoption of the role of a man, it was natural enough that Christina should object to changing it for the role of a wife. Even Christina of Sweden had the wit to see the absurdity of marriage between two (would-be) men! So she politely refused the numerous Royal princes who sought her hand (and they were not a few!) for she had not only a crown to dispose of, but an enormous income from her country. Christina was no celibate, however. That part of man's role she certainly never played. Amongst her earliest lovers was a young medico who first appeared in the Royal palace in attendance upon Queen Christina when she was seriously ill. To him Christina thought she owed her recovery, and her reward was intended to be the quintessence of queenly magnanimity. Christina took him to her chamber, and—locked the door! She meant well, of course, so far as the young medico went, but his feelings must have been—mixed! His name was Bourdelet, and his father had been a barber, so the medico had good reason to shake hands with himself, though Christina *en flagrante* was not so nice as she *might* have been! Still, she was young then, and may have been very pleasant to the ex-barber, and, at any rate, she was violently in love with him—for a time. Bourdelet did well while it lasted. He showed Her Majesty "how to live!" At his instigation the Court of Sweden entered upon a period of revelry which it had never previously known. All sorts of delightful gatherings took place nightly in the Swedish capital, and Bourdelet and the Queen went to them all.

"B.M.G."

Bourdelet soon found himself dressed-up to look like an Ambassador, and his success at giving the Queen "a good time" was such that she made him Master of the Revels. Orders began to sparkle upon his ambitious breast; the offices in the service of the State were soon being filled by his friends; and his bank-balance began to run into several figures. Bourdelet was very satisfactory as the lover of Sweden's Queen! His success brought its dangers, however. The nobility grew violently jealous of him. The medicos hated him for his success when the Queen was at death's door, and everybody else seemed to have some special cause for anger with him. Plots for bringing his "reign" to an end developed thick and fast, and at

last the Queen of Sweden began to recognise that Bourdelet must go, if only to save his neck. The fact was, too, that the medico had become insufferable in his sudden exaltation. He had lost his head, and familiarity had bred contempt. So Christina was not so very sorry when at last she had to part with him. But, like Catherine of Russia, she "let him down lightly." Gently she took a last "farewell!" of him as he sat in her State coach, with a chest containing her gift of ten thousand livres by his side, and a letter of introduction to an important post which she had procured for him in his native France. Gaily they wished each other "Good-bye!" and then someone offered her Majesty Bourdelet's last missive, which he had handed to an attendant from his carriage-window. Christina sniffed at it, put it to her nose, exclaimed "La, how it smells o' medicine! Phew!" and threw the letter away unopened.

The Queen's Last Night With the Spanish Ambassador.

This secret pleasure which Christina obtained from the passing of Bourdelet soon became apparent to her subjects, who had, so far, little suspected their Queen's intriguing powers. At that time the representative of Spain at Christina's Court was one Pimentel, a man who was as handsome as he was crafty, and he had long been urging his suit upon Her Majesty. Now his time had arrived. Bourdelet was no sooner out of the way than Pimentel was installed as the Queen's bed-fellow, but this *liaison* was too flagrantly conducted and the people began to murmur. They were ashamed of their Sovereign, and the Swedes were ever an out-spoken people. The mob at last met before the Palace to demand Pimentel's disgrace, and the Queen, who was sincerely in love with him (for the time being, of course, like most women!), had to announce his coming departure from Sweden. The night before he went she gave a great ball in his honour, and herself danced with him as a Lady of Morocco, and when she bade him "Farewell!" the next day she placed in his hand a magnificent diamond ring worth fifteen thousand thalers, "in memory of the 'Moorish Lady'"! All that night Christina had spent with the Spanish Ambassador, and a sloppy night it must have been, for she would not release him till the sun was high in the heavens, and he had but one hour to take a formal and ceremonial leave of his fellow diplomats! There was a lot of the woman in Christina, in spite of her mannish tricks.

The Queen Decides Upon "Something Young."

The Queen's next lover was of a different stamp from Pimentel. The latter had been a hard wooer, but he was not young, and this time her Majesty decided that the man must be full of ardour; a trifle "green" at the business; and ready to appreciate the honour she was prepared to confer upon him. He arrived in the person of the young and handsome Count Magnus de Gardie, who so delighted Queen Christina that ere long he was her Steward of the Household, and her adviser in all things. But Magnus was "too good to last!" For some reason or other she soon tired of him, and, having publicly insulted him, and packed him off to another sphere where he could yarn to his heart's content, she took up with young Condé, whose reign was also a short one, and then Her Majesty did a thing which had long been the desire of all her loyal subjects. She had made the crown a scandal, and her house a brothel. They would have no more of her. So she resigned her diadem to her cousin, who had long been "on offer" as her husband, but whom she always repulsed, and Sweden being too hot to hold her, she left it for a tour through the Courts of Europe.

A Shaven-headed Pair.

Queen Christina's tour of Europe was, perhaps, the most remarkable Royal progress ever made by a monarch. Once again the Queen assumed her masculine habit, and made it a point of every call to thoroughly shock all the ladies who met her. When she arrived anywhere, she did so riding astride, then walking into a chamber she would throw herself into an arm-chair, with an appearance of military bravado, hoist one of her legs over the arm of the next chair, dangle the other, smack her riding whip, and tell the latest yarn amidst a crowd of church dignitaries. All the Sovereigns through whose territories she passed treated her with marked respect and ceremony, and Christina poked fun at them all. Being suddenly "struck righteous," she decided to "go over to Rome," so, upon her arrival in the Italian capital, she made known her resolve to the Pope, and was cordially welcomed by His Holiness. She was introduced to the College of Cardinals, and, when she set eyes upon Cardinal Azzolino, she fell in love with him right away, and insisted upon his becoming her paramour. The Cardinal had to forget his oaths before the torrent of the Queen's passion, and, though Rome was shocked to the core by this unsavoury *liaison* between the shaven-headed pair—for Queen Christina always had her head shaved—there was no standing against the Queen who wanted to 'vert to Rome.

The End of the Infamous Queen Christina.

Thus the ex-Queen of Sweden continued her infamous career, and for no less than thirty years after her resignation of her crown her life continued to be one of reproach [illegible] minded people. At last she sank into obscurity, [illegible] to take note of her extraordinary doings, and [illegible] to the end of [illegible] in which she [illegible] social end was dramatic. One of her Italian lovers [illegible] named Monaldeschi. He had offended the Queen in some [illegible] and she had determined to kill him. She was then at Fontainebleau, and she arranged that Monaldeschi should [illegible] The deed was accomplished in one of the corridors of [illegible] where Queen Christina waited, surrounded by her [illegible] death-cries. And she heard them! Her face lighted [illegible] breathed anew, as she listened to the mortal groans [illegible] who had formerly breathed words of love into her [illegible] Queen, she was not proceeded against for the [illegible] Monaldeschi: but the world, which had [illegible] smiled upon her eccentricities as those [illegible] creature who was not "responsible," now turned [illegible] loathing and disgust, and desired to hear of her [illegible]

Next Week:

THE ROMANCE OF THE TWO FAVOURITE MISTRESSES OF THE FRENCH KING, FRANCIS [illegible]

THE MAGNETIC GIRL

How She Compels Others To Obey Her Will.

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Post Free to readers of "Modern Life."

[illegible] Mind Control, call it what you will, [illegible] one no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful [illegible] worth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "[illegible] ment of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare [illegible] concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, [illegible] though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamps) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the [illegible] be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free [illegible] 59C, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., [illegible] say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Dev[illegible] Inner Forces," and mention MODERN LIFE.

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ODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

ll referees are up in arms because of the suspension the Football Association on Mr. J. H. Adams, in the final tie between Sunderland and Aston April. The Referees' Union have brought out a , and in No. 1 of the "Football Referee" the ially dealt with by Mr. C. E. Sutcliffe, under ing of "Matters of Moment." The paper is de- as the official organ of the Referees' Union, and nouncements must therefore be regarded as official. r. Sutcliffe puts Mr. Adams and all other referees on edestal, and forgets that they are paid officials. Mr. ms was paid by the Football Association to take charge match; it is the highest honour a referee can attain;

* * *

Mr. Adams is a very good fellow, and a splendid but he did not conduct the match at the Palace well, d I will go further and say he refereed badly. What could the F.A. do than punish him, as they would professional

equence Mr. has retired refereeing. That ness. But r. Sutcliffe Mr. Adams

to £7, er hints that be to the L further ublic I can all

the F.A. more and sus- referees do their ties and games! It d to the rules being more rigidly observed and tered. Possessing every admiration for Mr. Adams see that he has suffered any injustice.

* * *

all has not really begun yet, but big gates g attracted all over the country at Soccer tches. Form is up to now in an absolute tangle, next week-end we shall doubtless be able to pick sides to do well this season.

A GREAT SOCCER PLAYER.

n of the moment is F. C. Buckley, the Derby County half, who pulled out one of the games of his life the Hotspurs at Tottenham a week ago. Buckley his brother, the suspended Aston Villa half-back, are at Redditch, and throughout the week are more ed in haystacks, crops, and cattle than footer. Yet enthusiasm for the game that they keep fit, e included among the great players of the game. s the best man on the field at Tottenham, and Walden and some of the other Tottenham players up to the skies, that is saying something.

THE OLYMPIC APPEAL.

It was passing strange that Monday should bring an official proclamation from the British Olympic Council, as to how it was proposed to spend the £100,000 the public are asked to subscribe. It was, as I suggested, largely to be done by the various Sports Associations, and it was also noticeable that the Football Association and the Amateur Rowing Association are not included in the proposed list of grants. The first do not want help because their income, largely derived from the professional clubs, is large enough, and the other, I presume, because they are really amateur.

CRICKET IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Why did G. L. Jessop refuse the M.C.C. invitation to captain the English cricketers in South Africa? He would have liked to go, and the South Africans badly wanted to see him. I am told by one usually well-informed on cricket politics that Jessop wished to take his wife with him, and the M.C.C. refused to provide a passage. "Very well; can't go," said Jessop. It seems like spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar. But the M.C.C. say it is a matter of precedent.

* * *

There is a good deal of feeling in South Africa on the question of G. A. Faulkner, who has left South Africa, and is living in England, being asked to play for the Africans in the test matches. I understand that Faulkner has been invited to make the trip, and will probably go across.

The game we all can play (and long to).

The South Africans are the best of sportsmen, as they have always demonstrated in their cricket and football trips to the Mother Country, and the feeling is not at all against the men, but against the system of in any way importing And it must be remembered that England has never yet won the rubber in South Africa. Matting wickets and the climate have never quite suited our teams, as a whole, although individuals have done splendidly.

* * *

G. P. D. Hartigan, who fractured a bone in his arm in two places when throwing a ball in from the long field at Bray, in Ireland, during the Africans' last tour in England, has quite recovered, and will undoubtedly strengthen the side against the M.C.C. His friends on this side, and they are many, will be delighted to hear of his complete recovery from what was one of the most extraordinary accidents that ever befel a cricketer. As he threw the ball the crack of the fracture could be heard all over the ground. Hartigan, who only played in twelve matches, was third in the batting averages with 24.80, and took 14 wickets.

A TRUE GOLF STORY.

In the smoke room of a North London Golf Club the other day a good golf story was told, which has the merit of being true. A Church of England parson, a fine golfer, and also well-known for his love of all field sports, was recently holiday-making on the Cumberland coast. One particular morning of his stay was very hot, and he had made up his mind not to play a match, but potter about.

Near the first tee a Scot asked him if he wanted a match. He said he did not, but rather than the other man should go without one he would play.

The Scot ran off after his clubs, and on his return the handicap was adjusted between 2 and 5, and the match was about to begin. "Before we start," said the Scot, "I must

tell you one thing. I'm a Scottish Meenister, and I object to all bad words."

"In that case," said the Episcopalian, "You had better find another opponent. When anything goes wrong with me I cannot restrain myself. The bad words pour out in torrents. I really cannot stop them." And turning away he left the astonished Scottish priest on the tee. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the head of the Kirk did not know that his prospective opponent was also a parson.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.

A startling story which has gained credence in boxing circles is to the effect that Willie Ritchie has run away from Vancouver, and will not meet Freddy Welsh for the world's light-weight boxing championship to-night (Monday). If that be so, Welsh has been chasing another will-o'-the-wisp in his endeavours to get the world's championship hall-marked at his own. By all sporting usage he is champion owing to Ad. Wolgast having defaulted during Welsh's last visit to America, but they poohpoohed the claim on the other side, and so Welsh, who has spent years trying to fix up with Battling Nelson, Ad. Wolgast, and Willie Ritchie, is, if the report be true, as far off a battle as ever.

But this time no right-seeing American journalist, and they run the sporting show in the papers over there, whatever we may do on this side, will surely claim that Ritchie can retain the championship. Doubtless they will fix up another battle for the Welsh vegetarian and wizard of the fistic art with Leach Cross or Tommy Murphy. Perhaps after all the report, which appeared in a sensational form in a Sunday paper, is wrong. At the time of writing it had been confirmed by no other source.

THE WELLS-CARPENTIER MATCH.

It is good news to hear that the battle between Bombr. Wells and Georges Carpentier, the wonderful French boxer, is to take place at the National Sporting Club on December 8th. The purse is £2,000, and the stakes £500 a side. When the boxers met in the early summer at Ghent everyone was amazed at the result. The Bombardier, I believe, treated the matter too easily, and was astonished at the pace strength of the French boy, who is even now under twel stones in weight. It is needless to add that the disgraceful scenes enacted in the vicinity of the Canterbury last week when Wells met Moir will not Covent Garden.

"THE CHIEL AMANG

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was successful in forecasting fifteen corre the twenty matches given on the coupon. therefore secures the prize of 10s. per months, offered for the solution nearest co

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries in this column.

Idiot (Address Unknown).—Next time you send us disgusting tles don't enclose clippings from some other journal We know you are mad, but you don't need to prove save your stamp money to buy yourself a rattle.

E. W. B. (Birkdale).—Afraid there is no market for your bers.

Brit. Ass. (Birmingham).—You are quite wrong. It Newton who first discovered that a drunken man's fall is forces of gravity.

J. B. (Hull).—Drawings hardly good enough, and jokes much. Practise drawing from life, and above all The market is flooded with copyists just now.

A. K. (Bradford).—Thanks, but we've had already.

Emigra (Cardiff).—The Governments merely undertake grants to find work.

Jack (Yarmouth).—"The Average" was posted to you on the this month. It was returned because it was below its name.

Curious (Mayfair).—You are quite correct in surmising that of the illustrations in the journal you name are stolen from French iodicals. As you remark, it is rather a low-down game, but some nalists" would steal the milk out of a baby's bottle—if they there was rum in it.

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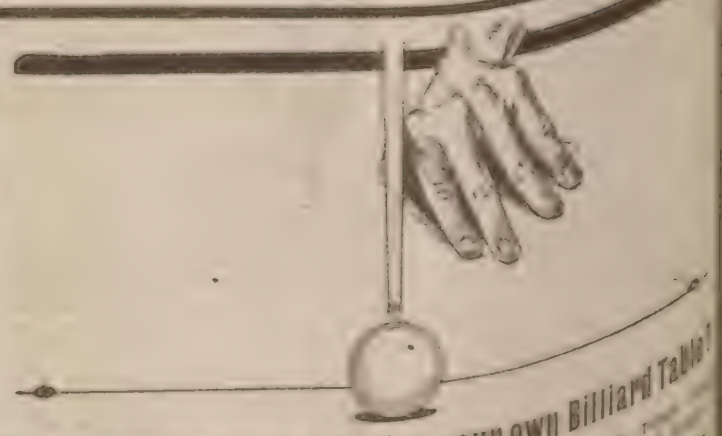

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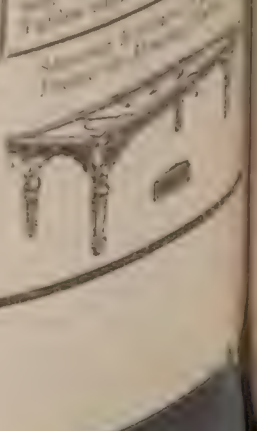

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Plain Talk to Young Business Men.

Brains and business capacity may be level in two men, but if one of them is of insignificant appearance it is an immense handicap on his business career.

The Governor has two young men in his eye for promotion, both reliable, active, good style, and full of the details of the business.

Of the two, he rather fancies Brown, but, unfortunately, he is small of stature and puny. Smith is not quite so good an all-round man for the job, but he is a big, strong, manly fellow who can walk into any office or warehouse and command attention.

Five-foot-eleven and broad shoulders cannot be kept waiting as easily as five-six with a poor chest. Result is, the hearty chap gets home, even if he is not quite so brainy.

If you want promotion, put your whole heart into the business, forget the clock, wear neat clothes, and **do your best to have height, breadth, and good health to put into the clothes.**

I can do the latter for you. By means of my special exercises I have increased the height and breadth and materially benefited the general health of hundreds of students in all parts of the world, and I shall send any interested reader letters from them to prove my assertion, with the full names and addresses of the writers. Space is limited here, but the following are two of many similar testimonies to the efficacy of my methods :—

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill), writes : "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

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I do not ask you to make any drastic change in your diet your smoking or your style of life, and all the time that you are required to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening.

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The Six-foot Specialist,

Dept. M., **17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.**

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The bears have been having a happy time again in the Home Railway market, and with so much labour trouble knocking about I look for still lower prices here.

* * *

Just the opposite is the case in Americans, and although there is not much public buying, the professionals are determined to put prices much better.

* * *

Union Pacifics have enjoyed another big rise on the talk of a big fat bonus, and Eries are very much in favour.

* * *

There has been a sharp rise in Readings on a rumour that the company's forthcoming statement will show earnings of more than 17 per cent.

* * *

Canadian Pacifics have shown distinct strength on the excellent crop news, and the fresh buying of the shares has been mainly stimulated by the prospect of a big harvest and large earnings by the line.

* * *

Very little interest is being taken in Mexican Railway stock, but the 6 per cent. second pref. of the Vera Cruz line should certainly be worth securing at £91. The ordinary are a speculation.

* * *

There have been one or two features in the Industrial Market.

* * *

The most prominent has been International Salts. The ordinary shares have doubled in price, and the Pref. have risen £1, but heavy profit taking has followed the publication of the official circular dealing with the company's position. I advise holders of the Ordinary to sell.

* * *

Marconis have been in demand, and Aerated Bread have been a very strong market.

* * *

National Steam Cars keep steady at about 21s., but I cannot help feeling they are worth buying at this price, though it will perhaps be just as well to await the result of the labour trouble with Tillings, for if there is a strike prices may be marked down.

* * *

Support has been entirely lacking in the Rubber market, although there has been little fresh selling. The future of this market is not bright. All the big companies are producing more rubber and the younger companies are coming into bearing, but the demand for the raw material does not seem to grow at a proportionate rate.

* * *

Even the Oil Market is suffering from the strike trouble, and just as it was getting into its stride for a good boom.

* * *

Oil is being used more and more, and this market must go ahead, but the Grozny strike news has generally depressed the market and has been the cause of a sharp set-back in Spies and North Caucasians, which has further effected Shells.

* * *

However, I predict good times for Oils, and now is the time to buy.

* * *

I hear the Amal. Props. issue has been a success, and that the whole of the shares offered under the reconstruction scheme have been applied for. I can only hope my readers have been wise enough to leave them alone.

* * *

Nigerian Tin shares are slightly lower, with Jos and Rayfield on the decline. On the other hand Anglo-Continental have been bid for. Surely we are not going to see another gamble in the shares of this company.

* * *

Although the Casey Cobalt and the Cobalt Townsite Companies, which are the best in this group, seem to be making highly satisfactory progress, the shares have weakened. They are, however, a good speculation.

* * *

Very little business has been done in Rhodesians, but Chartereds are a shade better at 22s. 6d., and Exploring Land are cheap at 3s. 9d.

GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS.

India 2½ per cent. Loan at 64½ yields £3 17s. 6d. per cent.

Great Western Railway 2½ per cent. Debenture Stock 64½ yields £3 18s. per cent.

New South Wales 4 per cent. Loan at 99¼ yields £4 1s. 6d. per cent.

Victoria 4 per cent. Loan at 98 yields £4 1s. 6d. per cent.

All the above are full trustee investments.

* * *

I shall be pleased to send the name and address of a member of the Stock Exchange to any reader who wishes to buy or sell shares.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Howell.—The Premier Pipe Line are only paying 5 per cent. for current year, but as the shares are now only quoted at 9s., they give a return of 10 per cent. I think the shares are worth purchasing at present price.

S. H. (Brixton).—I will send you the name and address of a good broker to deal with in your district.

Fletcher (Mayfair).—I will go carefully through the list you send and advise you in detail by post during the week.

H. R. (Cardiff).—As you are only speculating in Canadian Trusts had better sell at once now you can see an offer, as they are not likely to react with the sharp rise of the past week.

Speculator.—There is very much speculation at present in Mines, and for quick profits in dealing in Mines, and the good prospects of the Chartered Company, purchase of Sheba Gold would be the best.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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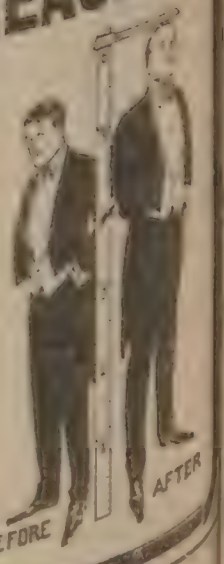

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RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

of my selections at Warwick last Tuesday was Steady for the County Selling Nursery, but owing to the jumping a hurdle during the exercise hours, and company with his rider, he was not started for the N.H. rules. Surely this is one to keep an eye on if ever started

face meetings arranged for this week are: Leicester, and Tuesday; Hurst Park, Wednesday; Pontefract, day and Thursday; Newbury, Friday and Saturday. port is promised, especially at the Southern fixtures. opening day of the Leicester fixture, the Midland is down for decision. A good acceptance has been for the race, and a useful field should face the The top weight, the Laveno Belle colt, in company endman and Prompter, performed badly in the Prince 's Nursery at Doncaster. Previously, however, Mr. candidate proved successful in two races, and may upon the Doncaster winning here. Cambyses is te of R.C. Dawson's stable, an establishment that doing well in this class of event. Lord Carnarvon's favourite for the race won by the smart Flying Lewes last month, and was eased out of a place when seen that Mr. G. Edwardes's Orby colt had the race in eping. Earlier Cambyses had cantered away with at Alexandra Park, and he appears to possess a fine of taking this event. Sandman is a slow beginner, should prefer the American-bred son of Broomstick ndria in a mile race, although should Mr. Whitney's away with his field, he should be difficult to beat. ran unplaced at Doncaster, but figured prominently previous races, which include a victory at York in Mr. G. Faber's Tip Top finished close up behind the horses in the Glasgow Nursery at Doncaster, and this horse as a winner shortly. Of the other entries, is taken most by Mayboot, who bustled up I Say recent Alexandra Park meeting. In attempting to the winner I shall select

CAMBYSES.

On Friday the Newbury Autumn Cup will be decided. Four of the animals engaged here—Lance Chest, Balscadden, Lancaster and Wilfrid—were sent to Doncaster, but were not started owing to the hard ground. As the going is sure to be good at the Berkshire meeting all four may be started here. Most of the horses engaged have accepted for the Cesarewitch Stakes, and this race should prove a good public trial for the first of the two big back-end handicaps. Lance Chest is a fine stayer and is sure to get the distance here, his fine victory over Catmint and others at the Newmarket First July meeting showing what a good chance he must possess. Major E. Loder could be represented by Augur, but I like the top weight best. Rivoli is another great stayer, and he was considered unlucky to be beaten by Junior, who was receiving 8lb. at the Bibury Club meeting in July. On the running in that race Fiz Yama, who was third, should be held safe by Lord Carnarvon's son of Robert le Diable and Marliacea. Tullibardine has not been seen in public this year, and I shall pass him by. Balscadden was kicked at the post at Manchester in May and was beaten a length and a half by Grave Greek, who was in receipt of 33lb. As Balscadden now has a 16lb. pull, I shall expect to see the tables turned. Fantasio ran unplaced twice earlier in the season, and I prefer others. Lancaster has won his last two races in good style, and has a useful chance. Wilfrid went wrong after running The Tylt to a length and a half, with Grave Greek a short head behind, third in the Northumberland Plate. W. Halsey has given Sir E. Cassel's horse plenty of time to recover, and as he now has 5lb. the best of the weights with The Tylt, the pair should again finish close together. Of the remainder I prefer The Tylt, a most consistent horse, and Crown Jewel, about whom I have received a good tip for the Cesarewitch. It is rather a difficult task to find the winner, but in declaring for

BALSCADDEN

I do not expect to be wide of the mark.

Saturday's principal event is the Highclere Nursery. Some smart youngsters are engaged, and a good race should be witnessed. Top weight can be carried by Armant, but I prefer the chance of R. C. Dawson's other candidate, Wild Arum, who on her third to Happy Warrior and Pretty Dark at Doncaster must hold a good chance here. Mount William is a useful colt, but has not been seen in public for some time. Dolly Varden is a daughter of Sundridge and Glass

LEGER RESULT.

1.—NIGHT HAWK. 2.—WHITE MAGIC. 3.—SEREMOND.

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The following drew starters, and each receives £10 and a gold watch.

ARDA	Wm. McCarthy, 12, English Grounds, Tooley Street, E.C.
CURRAGH	Walker Botham, Tibthorpe, Driffield, E. Yorks.
AGHDOE	L. A. Pilgrim, 31, Plympton Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
ROSEWORTHY	Thos. Rose, 44, St. John Street, Winchester, Hants.
BIRLINGHAM	Geo. Joint, Blackadon, Near Ivybridge, S. Devon.
TASLETT	Alf. Ashton, 78, Queen Street Nanty Glo., Mon.
BACHELOR'S WEDDING ..	A. Lansdowne, 165, Hill Lane, Southampton.
LOUVOIS	Arthur Ebert, 17, Tarrant Street, Queen's Park, W.
JAMESON	Mrs. E. Bridger, 30, Dartmouth Road, Brondesbury, N.W.

subscribers drew non-starters and each receives a gold watch. Also, 3,200 consolation prizes value £2,600.

"Bull" said February 1st:—
"I have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Webb's methods, and can assure our readers that from the start to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely fair, square and above-board."

"Modern Life" said August 9th:—
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Doll, and is very speedy, as her victory at Brighton in August over Tanaquil, Wild Arum and others, shows. The last-named has 10lb. the better of weights now and this should enable Lord Carnarvon's filly to finish closer to Dolly Varden. Gilpin, S. Darling and G. Lambton are all doubly represented, and of their charges I prefer the Beckhampton trainer's pair, Draughtsman and Dublin Prawn, both winners last time out. Of the remaining entries I like the chances possessed by Sir Eager and Last of the Lenas. The former ran third to Varavil and Hesperia in a huge field at the Newmarket First July meeting. Last of the Lenas was well backed when beaten by Himalaya at Doncaster. His Majesty can be represented by Nadir Shah, but I have very little fancy for this son of Eager. For the probable winner I declare for

LAST OF THE LENAS.

My other selections are:—

LEICESTER—Monday.

Hinckley Handicap: Araldo.
Camp Handicap: Wavelet's Boy.

Tuesday.

Bradford Handicap: Harry Preston.
Village Nursery: Sardinia.

HURST PARK—Wednesday.

Vyner Handicap: Chancellor II.
Stewards' Nursery: Daly Girl.

PONTEFRACT—Wednesday.

West Riding Handicap: Bowman.
Newbury Nursery: Doodlesack.

Thursday.

Grove Hall Handicap: Dunholm.
Lowther Nursery: Dusky.

NEWBURY—Saturday.

Lambourn Handicap: Cheleken.
Whatcombe Handicap: Lord Westbury.

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For Football Forecasts.

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138 Racing Days

and during that time **"Gale's Special"** has given no less than

201 Winning Selections,

which have included **LOUVOIS** (25 pts.) for the Two Thousand Guineas; **KLEINFONTEIN** (10 pts.) for the Payne Stakes; **LORENZO** (4½ pts.) for the Manchester Cup; **ST. MERIADOC** (12½ pts.) for the Stewards' Handicap; **GREAT SURPRISE** (8 pts.) for the Windsor Castle Handicap; **LOMOND** (8 pts.) for the Alexandra Handicap; **DIADEM** Stakes; **RIVOLI** (14 pts.) for the July Handicap; **PICTORIAL** (7 pts.) for the **MENOS** (10 pts.) for the Great Kingston T.Y.O. Plate; **POTENCY** (10 pts.) for the Wistow Hall Breeders' Foal Plate; **LONG SET** (2½ pts.) for the Goodwood cup, Liverpool Cup, **CATMINT** (12½ pts) for the Gimcrack Stakes; **CIGAR** for the Prince Edward Handicap, **STORNOWAY** for the Derby, of the Peak Plate; **AT LAST** for the Portland Handicap, and **HORNET'S BEAUTY** (4½pts.) for the Portland Handicap.

It has been such results as these that have inclined the whole of the Sporting Press of Great Britain to favourable comment upon the "Special that guarantees your success," and which led **The Sportsman** to remark that **Gale's Special "gives fewer selections and more winners than any of its rivals."**

To every reader of "Modern Life" enclosing this paragraph, together with 15s. we will send post free in plain sealed envelope all copies of "GALE'S SPECIAL" to the end of the season; all occasional Private Letters sent out; and next Saturday's Tattersalls Ring Wire.

Sportsmen requiring unequalled and sterling intelligence should subscribe for

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On Wednesday, September 10th, from Doncaster, all subscribers received

DORMANT (9 to 2 against) WON.
DORMANT (9 to 2 against) WON.
DORMANT (9 to 2 against) WON.
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Nothing else whatever mentioned.

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Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I write the weather is like an ideal August, but this
e last, and a few hints on winter clothing will come
propriately enough.

* * *

keep warm in winter without being overburdened or
ed is what most people want to attain.

* * *

us commence with the waistcoat. The tailor recom-
to the chilly customer a nice, thick, warm and expen-
oth. He builds the front of the waistcoat in this
l, and then constructs the back from a thin cotton
cloth.

* * *

ggestion to any man, whether old or young, cold or
ooded, is to have the winter waistcoat made back
ot of the same woollen cloth; and not only so, but
back part two or three inches longer than the front,
there is a drop-piece protecting the loins and upper
the hips.

* * *

from experience, that by adopting this tip, simple,
ive and non-burdensome, you gain almost equal pro-
alue as from an overcoat.

* * *

more comfort is needed or desired better have the
sleeved. This should be in a thin flannel with
ng of some smooth, easy slipping-on material, so
not a difficulty to get into the coat.

* * *

as to the overcoat, we all want to be warm and we
ant to carry too much weight on our shoulders. The
rms an important item here. For this, I think the
n I referred to last week would be almost perfect in
lightness and warmth. It is made in a thin fabric
able for this use.

* *

r plan, somewhat expensive, is to have the lining
satin quilted on to wadding. Even with a moder-
outer material this produces an overcoat exceed-
m, practically wind-proof and quite light in weight.

* * *

on the question of the quilted lining, I may say
w in Paris recently a wadding that I have never seen
of in England. This is a wadding made of pure silk.

* * *

made from the refuse of the silk mills at Lyons,
ensive but light as gossamer, very warm and of
no bulk. Tailors whose customers do not cavil
would do well to stock this silk wadding and use it.

* * *

on the subject of winter overcoats I referred last
the Balmoral or Inverness cape, and I find from
correspondence that some of my readers do not know
is precisely.

* * *

ance, one man writes me under the impression
an overcoat with a shoulder cape coming down
waist line, and he does not fancy it.

* * *

either do I. In fact I do not think the Apollo
would have looked well in it, but this coat and
should not, and could not, be called a Balmoral

* * *

almoral proper has a whole back, cut loose, and with
ng, no sleeves, and instead of these, two wings
body of coat behind the shoulders. The collar
made Prussian shape, but if cut with the ordinary
effect is better. The front is single-breasted with
owing through.

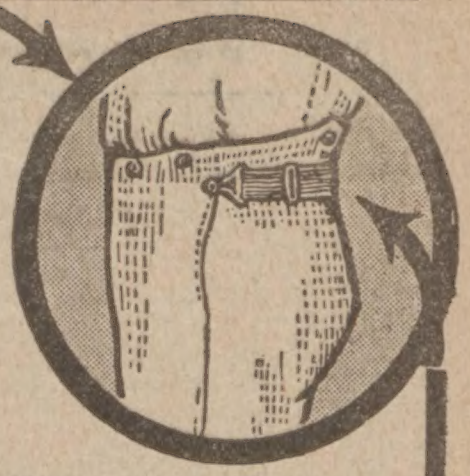
* * *

eat advantage of the Balmoral cape is that it can
ver any ordinary overcoat, giving double warmth
ction in the worst weather.

* * *

almoral has no sleeves, and some may object to
uch case your tailor can insert sleeves either sewn
de detachable with buttons. The latter plan is

WHY was this idea not thought of before?



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Our Second Grand Football Competition

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN £2 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, October 4th, and for first prize of £2 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches giv the coupon we will award £2 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, October 4th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 2 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. **The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, October 3rd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.**

(3) **Readers can send in as many coupons as they like.** No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £2 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £2 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) **In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.**

(6) **In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.**

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 2

Matches to be played on Saturday, October 4th. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a draw do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN	v. DERBY COUNTY.
BOLTON WANDERERS	v. NEWCASTLE UNITED.
MANCHESTER UNITED	v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v. LIVERPOOL.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v. ASTON VILLA.
CHELSEA	v. PRESTON NORTH END.
BLACKPOOL	v. LINCOLN CITY.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v. NOTTS COUNTY.
GLOSSOP	v. BRADFORD.
LEEDS	v. LEICESTER.
STOCKPORT	v. FULHAM.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v. BURY.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v. SWINDON.
GILLINGHAM	v. PORTSMOUTH.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE	v. WEST HAM UNITED.
READING	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
SOUTHEND UNITED	v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
WATFORD	v. EXETER.
COVENTRY	v. CARDIFF.
NORWICH C.	v. MILLWALL.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter this Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

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Winners of £500
E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda, N. Wales
W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal.
C. J. Goulter, 1, St. George's Road, Kingston Hill.
T. Phillips, 34, The Park, Treharris.
J. J. Richards, 9, Shannon Grove, Brixton, S.W.
A. B. Wyatt, 3, Falmer Rd., Enfield, Middlesex.

WINNERS OF £500
W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.
F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.
B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.
W. H. Cowdery, Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
C. Colchin, Junr., Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Kent.

WINNER OF £200
C. M. Davies, Whitby House, Priory Hill, Milford Haven.

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